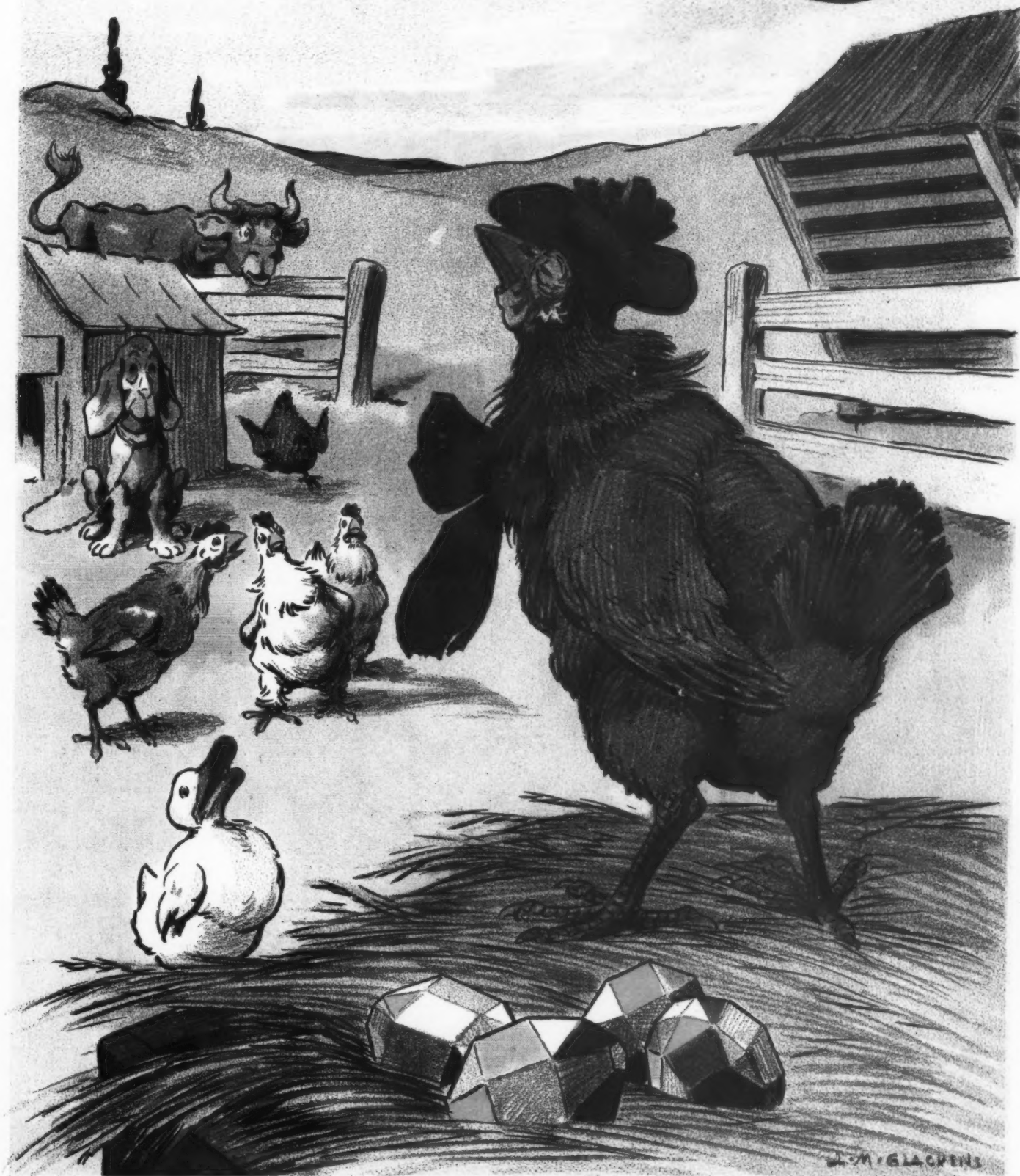


# Puck



THE LATEST IN EASTER EGGS.  
The Cubist Influence Reaches the Barnyard.



Published by  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

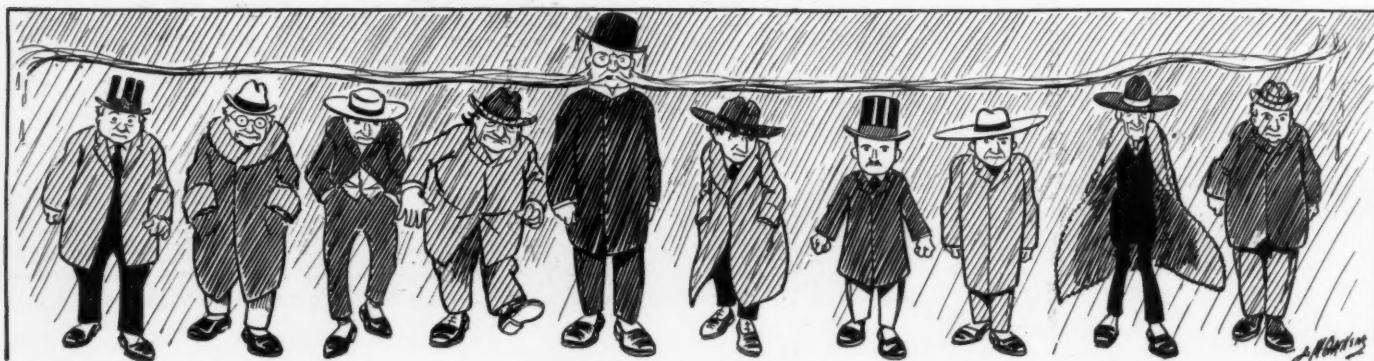
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## Cartoons and Comments

"CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!" OUR center-page cartoon this week was prepared in no spirit of flippancy, thoughtlessness, or sacrilege, but soberly and with full realization of the sacredness of the subject. To express truth in pictorial form is the greatest privilege of the cartoonist, and truth is truth, whether it comes from the pulpit or the color-press. We believe that this cartoon expresses a truth, and one that sorely needs expression; and purposely, not by mere chance, did we select the most solemn and most sacred week in all the Christian year to bring it out. This week clergymen of every denomination will take as their pulpit themes the Resurrection. Centuries ago CHRIST was crucified; and centuries ago He rose from the dead on the first Easter Sunday. The purpose of this cartoon is to show, and with as much force as we can summon, that the Crucifixion is not of the past solely, but vitally of the present. The mob which committed the greatest crime in history by reviling and mutilating the body of CHRIST is succeeded by the mob, some of it very sleek and "respectable," which reviles and desecrates His spirit. At a season when the resurrection of the body is reverently celebrated in Churches the world over, the crucifixion of the spirit, in all its wanton brutality, goes on outside. The white-slaver plies his trade. Those who grow rich from the labor of little children hold up their heads. Christian nations, so-called, countenance or participate for profit in such atrocities as take place in the rubber countries of Africa or South America. Filth and impurities are sold in the guise of food by men whose private lives may be models of flawlessness. Greed is the motive-power; money success, at any cost, at the expense of the young, the ignorant, the poor, and the helpless, is the goal. These facts are not here stated for the first time. They are not new. They but serve as comments on the cartoon in question. Aggressive Christian people oppose these evils from pulpit and from pew, in rescue and in Settlement work, but how quickly would some of the evils vanish, how

speedily would all of them be minimized, if *all* Christian people, whether church members or not, should rise against the living mob of to-day's offenders against CHRIST, to-day's contemptuous revilers, as they do against the dead mob of nineteen centuries ago. There would be no more problem of church attendance then. We would hear of no more dwindling congregations, or of this church or that church dying of dry-rot. Moving-pictures and billiard-tables would no longer be necessary as inducements to church membership if this view prevailed. There would be a fight for Christianity and its principles for which no decent man or woman could refuse to enlist. It was with these ideas in mind that our cartoon this week was conceived and executed.

THE retiring President, WILLIAM H. TAFT, is an opponent of the Recall as applied to judges. He has said so frankly innumerable times. That being the case, these recent words of his are of peculiar interest: "Forty-five per cent. of the Federal judiciary have been appointed by me. That is the reason why I could not practise law as an advocate." There would always be the feeling, so Mr. TAFT seemed to think, that any triumph in court which he might win as a practising lawyer would naturally be attributed by the losing side to the fact that he "had appointed the judge." The judge might not be influenced in the slightest, but people would think so all the same, and that is enough for Mr. TAFT. The retiring President is considerate of the men whom he placed on the bench; he does not wish to embarrass them. Political bosses, on the other hand, are not nearly so considerate. If they place a man directly or indirectly upon the bench, they *expect* him to be influenced. That is what he is there for. And if a judge renders a decision in some innocent-appearing case in a way which turns the embarrassment upon the boss and his friends there are whispers of "rank ingratitude." Mr. TAFT *suspects* that judges on the bench may be only human after all. The bosses, for a long time, have *known* it.



WHISKERS HAVE THEIR USES.

Secretary Redfield will come in handy if the Cabinet should ever get caught in the rain.



## DRAWED ON THE JURY.



YES, drawn; thet's so,  
An' got tew go,  
By jingo! on the jury.  
For tew straight weeks  
Tew hear the flow  
Of argement  
An' sass an' blow;  
Twelve fuddled fools  
Stuck in a row,  
By jingo! on the jury.

Yes, drawn agin,  
Ez sure ez sin;  
By jingo! on the jury,  
Tew hear them foxy lawyers chin,  
Nor keer a durn which critter 'll win;  
Twelve silly mutes tew set 'an' grin,  
By jingo! on the jury.



Yes, drawn once more—  
I cud hev swore,  
By jingo! on the jury.  
Tew hear them witnesses—a score;  
An' then the Jedge, th' pesky bore,  
He 'll chock us full of law, an' more;  
By jingo! on the jury.

Yes, drawn,—I vum!  
I 'll fix 'em some,  
By jingo! on the jury.  
I 'll sw'ar I'm crazy,  
Deef an' dumb;  
Can't hear no autermobeel hum;  
Got a appendix an' can't come,  
By jingo! on the jury.

M. L. Murdock.

### NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

(From the High Bluffs Pioneer.)

**B**ELIEVING as we do that our readers should be kept informed regarding the spiritual activities of the town, and that the Church stands for all that is highest and best in the community, we have decided to devote a column to the spiritual activities of the various churches in High Bluffs, and our reporter presents below our first instalment of news of this kind. Will the pastors of the town keep us informed regarding the events in their churches?

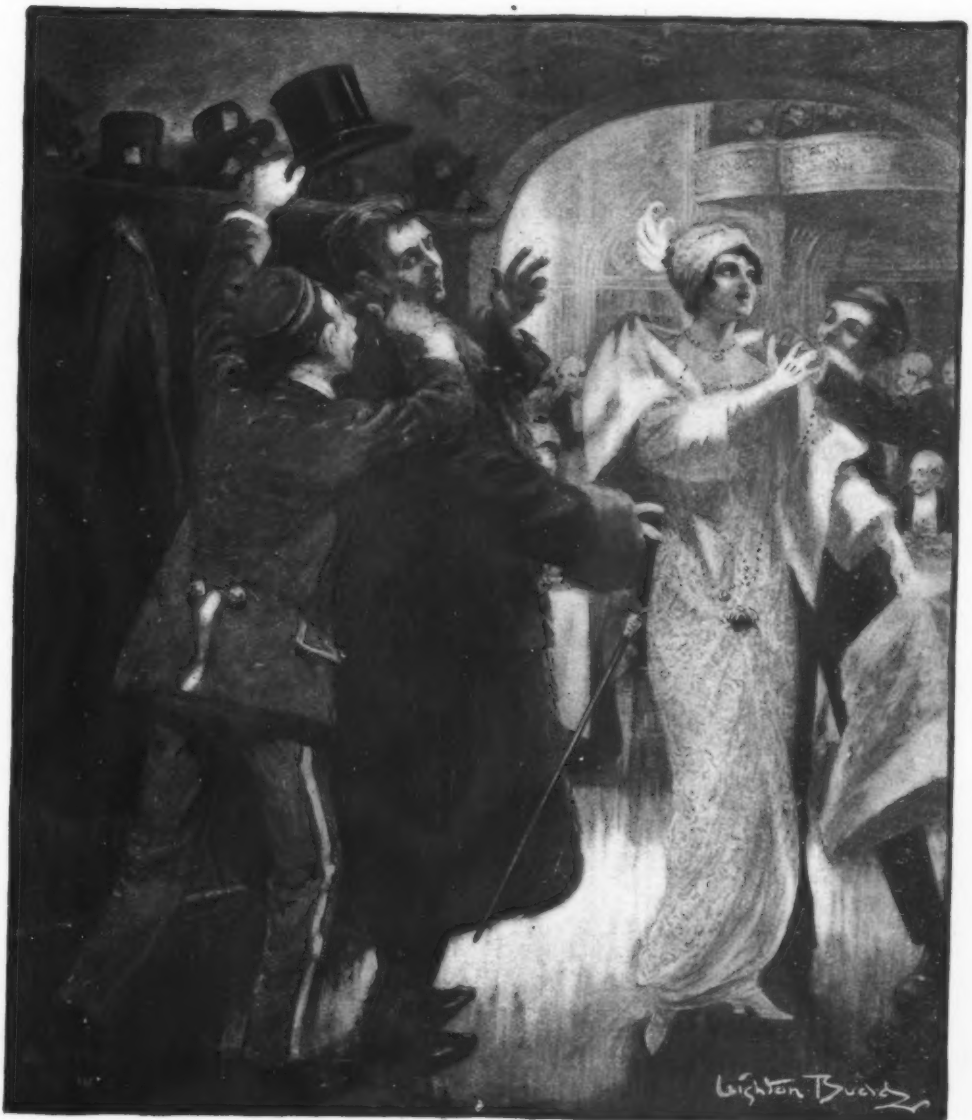
There was a delightful pancake-eating contest at Trinity Church last night, a prize of a griddle and fifty pounds of pancake flour being awarded to the person who consumed the most pancakes during the evening. Mrs. Buster led in the contest for the first half-hour, at the end of which time she had eaten twenty-seven pancakes, and then she was out-distanced by Deacon Clipper, who consumed in all thirty-six ordinary-sized pancakes and carried off the prize. Hooray for the deacon!

The Ten-Cent-Grab Social at the Fourth Street Church on Monday evening brought out the largest audience seen at the church this winter. All who came paid ten cents, and were then given the privilege of grabbing one article from a large bag at the church door. Most of the articles in the bag were of a comical kind and there was no end of fun during the evening, the pastor leading the fun with a darky china doll he had drawn from the bag.

The Third Avenue Church will have a Peanut Party next Monday night. The refreshments will be entirely of peanuts served in all sorts of attractive ways, from peanut candy to peanut-butter sandwiches and peanut cake. A prize will be given to the person bringing the largest and best figures of a man and woman made of peanuts. All the ladies are asked to wear necklaces and other ornaments of peanuts, while the men are asked to wear peanut watch-chains and stick-pins.

The young people of the Zion Hill Church are planning a unique affair to be called a Rag-tag and Bobtail Party some evening in the near future. It will have no end of amusing features; further particulars next week.

M. W.



### THOSE RESTAURANT COAT-BOYS.

WHY SHOULD WOMEN BE SPARED THEIR GENTLE ATTENTIONS? WHY DO THEY OVERLOOK A CHANCE FOR DOUBLE TIPS?



The Painter.



The Mandolin Player.



The Violinist.

## THE ORACLE ON EASTER.

THE Oracle laid down his magazine with a contemptuous sniff. "Easter number!" he said. "Nothing in it but girls—girls in glad rags, girls in mad rags, girls in fashion's latest fad rags. Stories—all about the girl who could n't have a new hat for Easter, or who had too many and therefore could n't marry a poor man.

"All the religious significance of Easter seems to be lost.

Nobody goes to church because it's Easter; they go to church because Easter is the official time to put on your latest scenery and exhibit it. It's a day—not of heartfelt rejoicing in the coming of spring and the passing of the shadow of a bitter fast more than nineteen hundred years ago—but of vain show, of peacock display, which breaks the heart of the poor married man and discourages the bachelor.

"Easter has come to stand for extravagance and dress, and thereby has handed a fearful lemon to Cupid. For when the average young man's fancy begins to turn lightly to thoughts of love, he meets his inamorata in the Easter parade. She is beautiful, she is radiant, she is dazzling—BUT! He sizes up that new outfit. Hat, \$40; shoes, \$15; parasol, \$25; feather boa, \$50; gown, \$150. He reels (mentally) backward, he sheers off, and though he will continue to turn lightly to thoughts of love, he won't turn seriously to thoughts of marriage with a dress-total like that staring him in the face.

"If I were a milliner, a dress-maker, a shoe manufacturer or dealer, I'd be strong for Easter.

But being just a pore ordinary feller who earns, or "gets," if you insist on the amendment, a very ordinary salary, I disapprove of it. The Easter period compels me to get a new suit——"

"Why complain of that, Oracle? Your tailor has to pay for that suit," observed the Engineer.

"I know," said the Oracle, "but this year he says I've got to pay for last year's before I get the new one. Curses! As I was saying, Easter Sunday forces me to buy a new suit, and it flaunts continually before me the visions of beautiful women whom I cannot afford to marry.

"Simplicity and repression in clothes is what pleases me most. How much better it would be if the young women of the land would keep themselves within the bounds of an ordinary purse for their clothes—thus tempting the young men to matrimony by visions of economy and thrift—instead of sallying forth in silks and satins whose every flutter costs money. I, for one, would welcome the change, and femininity would be even fairer to view if thus clad simply and modestly."

"Let's go out and see the Easter Parade," said the Engineer, "it's a beautiful day."

"Naw," replied the Oracle. "I saw it this morning, before church. Awful tame. There was n't a gown in sight that cost more than \$200. Tacky outfit, believe me."

And the Oracle picked up his magazine.

Berton Braley.



## JUST CAUTIOUS.

RURAL MAIL-CARRIER.—Hey! I ain't going to climb onto your hen-house, walk over the shed, and then shin up the side of the barn to where you put your mail-box! Are you crazy?

UNCLE EBEN.—No. But I've been reading about them Suffragettes putting acid in mail-boxes, an' I ain't going to take any chances 'round here!

EVERYBODY has Socialistic leanings toward the class above them, and equally conservative principles toward those beneath them.



THE REVOLT.

"**W**OU wait a minute or two until I say something!" Elzira, wife of Abiel Grabb, pushed aside the pen the lawyer had offered her, and a resolute look came into her sallow face as she turned to her husband and said firmly: "I got something to say, Abiel Grabb, before I sign that deed! I been married to you forty-three years last May, ain't I?" "What of it?" "This of it: I have kep' account of all the cash money you've given me in that time, an' it amounts to jist nine dollars an' sixty-seven cents." "Well, you've had your clo'es an' your keep an' a good home, ain't you?" "It's nearly two years since I have had a cent in cash money in my pocket, an' I don't sign no deed to that land you're sellin' until I git some share o' the money you're goin' to git for it."



NATURE STUDY.

THE PUP.—Gee! That's funny! He's got four feet, yet he uses only one to hop around on!

Abiel paled, and his voice was unsteady, as he said: "Lost your senses, ain't you?" "No; I'm just comin' to 'em. Anyhow, I know what rights is. You're goin' to git twenty-four thousand dollars for that piece o' prop'ty this deed calls for, now ain't you?" "I gotta pay off a mor'gage o' two thousand on it." "That leaves you twenty-two thousand."

"See here, Elziry! You don't mean that—" "I mean that I got to have the right to some o' that cash money, seein' that I worked hard as you did to pay for that prop'ty. I'll never sign no deed until I git a certain amount o' cash money right in my own hand. I know that besides all you'll git for this prop'ty you've got over seven hundred dollars in your pocket in cash for them cattle you sold the other day. Brought it to town to add to the six thousand you got in bank already. I know what I'm talking about. You got nigh on to thutty thousand dollars in cash money, or will have if I sign this here deed, an' I gotta have a certain sheer of it, Abiel Grabb!"

"How much you want?"

"Well, Abiel, I'll never tech pen to that paper until you've forked over seven dollars!"



"WELL, MISSY! HEAH WE IS!"

Abiel grew several shades paler and spoke huskily as he said:

"Could n't make it five, could you, Elziry?"

"Seven!" she said firmly.

"I ain't got but about six and a quarter in change."

"Seven, Abiel."

His whole frame shook with emotion as he drew forth his huge wallet and handed her the demanded "sheer" of the "cash money" involved in the sale, and there was a note of triumph as she said, while her hand closed tightly over the bills:

"If you think I'm goin' to be a nigger slave for forty-three years an' git nothin' for it you are mightily mistaken, Abiel. I been bidin' my time, an' now I guess we're even!"

He restored his wallet to its accustomed place with a trembling hand, sighed deeply, and wiped a tear from his eye. *Max Merryman.*

It is hard for a woman to be quite herself after trying for so many ages to be somebody or something else.

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"Peg o' My Heart."

LAURETTE TAYLOR in "Peg o' My Heart" is one of the most effective gloom dispellers we know of. There is more fun in this little comedy by J. Hartley Manners, at the Cort Theatre (one of the most attractive playhouses in the city, by the way) than a dozen musical shows and revues. As an antidote for the high cost of living, "Hamlet" down at the Garden, and every variety of grouch, we heartily recommend "Peg o' My Heart." It's a

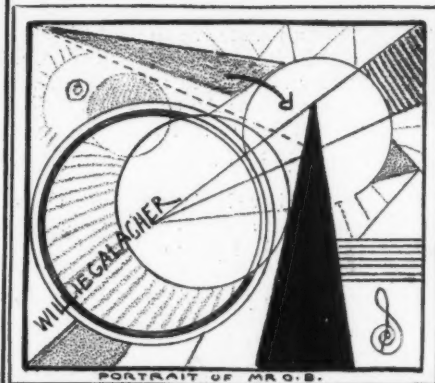
great little play to which to take your girl. Laurette Taylor as *Peg* really makes the show. Nothing else matters so long as she is in sight. The cast is a good one. Christine Norman does well in the rôle of *Ethel*, and H. Reeves Smith creates a good impression. Hassard Short makes *Alaric* sufficiently disagreeable. And last, but not by any means least, there is *Michael*, the dog, who takes a curtain-call all by himself. *W. E. Hill.*



DEUX TETES DANS FLEURS



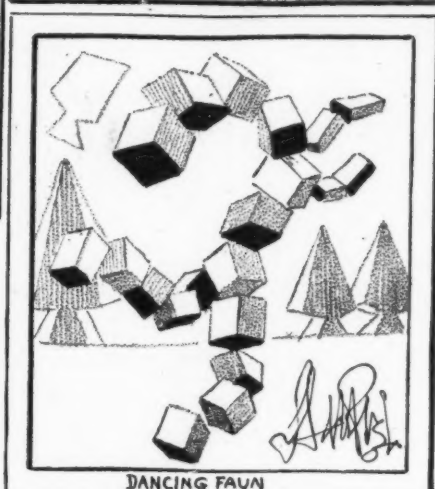
LE POT BLEU



PORTRAIT OF MR O. B.



SUNRISE ON MADISON AVE.



### DANCING FAUN



**FAMILY GROUP**



A VISITOR—  
SUPPOSED TO BE A  
NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN



INFORMATION WANTED



EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"

WITH THE CUBISTS AND FUTURISTS.

THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO WEIRD IN LIFE AS ART'S YOUNG DREAM.





SAME THING.

SHOW-GIRL (bursting into manager's office).—Quick! There's a fire behind the scenes, the gang is rushing about like mad and screaming their heads off! Looks like a panic! What will we do?

MANAGER.—Do? Ring up the curtain, of course, and let the audience think it is the opening chorus!

THE BEST OF ALL.



ILKA, dearest, you will be mine? I love you! I love you! Can I say more?"  
 "Ah! Phil-leep, dat ees vera sweet in English, but dare ees one thing more, just one more I ask of you, what you Americans call it—u-nique? Well, you say 'I love you' now, Phil-leep; one week from to-day you come at dees same hour—tell me before my father in many languages—many, remember, 'I love you', and I—well, I will be yours—but my father, zee professor, will know if you are correct. Now go!"  
 "My love, I go! One week from to-night at this same hour I shall return and claim you for my own."

ONE WEEK LATER.

"Ilka and Professor, I greet you! I am prepared for the test:"

|                             |                                   |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| FRENCH—"Je t'aime."         | HINDOO—"Kamayamite."              |
| GERMAN—"Ich liebe dich."    | JAPANESE—"Ware wa kimi wo aisyo." |
| ITALIAN—"Io la amo."        | GREEK—"Se agapo esana."           |
| SWEDISH—"Ja cie koham."     | IRISH—"Ta can agam ort."          |
| RUSSIAN—"Lublu tiebia."     | POLISH—"Ja cie kaham."            |
| NORWEGIAN—"Jeg elsker dig." | ARMENIAN—"Yes gueseram usker."    |
| SPANISH—"Yo te amo."        | GAELIC—"Tha gaol ugum orst."      |

"But, my love, the sweetest of them all is just the English of it, 'I love you'!"  
 "Phil-leep!"  
 "Ilka!"

Eva Sheriff Eaton.

MOST of our economy is represented by the money we intended to save and did n't.

WHEN a man does n't know just what to say he generally says it anyhow—and then regrets it.

QUALITY.

LADY GODIVA was by no means the first woman to have positively nothing to wear. But who, in equal degree, had discerned the possibilities?

"It must be what they call temperament!" remarked her ladyship, as she mounted for the ride which was destined to make her forever famous.

MUM.

A MOLLUSK came up to our first parent to be named.

"Er—oyster!" announced Adam, after considering a moment.

Now, divers other creatures, having got theirs, were loitering about to pick up what of consolation they might, and a number of these burst out laughing hereupon.

"Just think how mum you'll have to be!" they jeered.

CRUSHED.

ALGV.—I hope, Miss Gotrox—may I hope—that is, is there any hope that I may—?

HEIRESS.—While there's life there's hope, but—

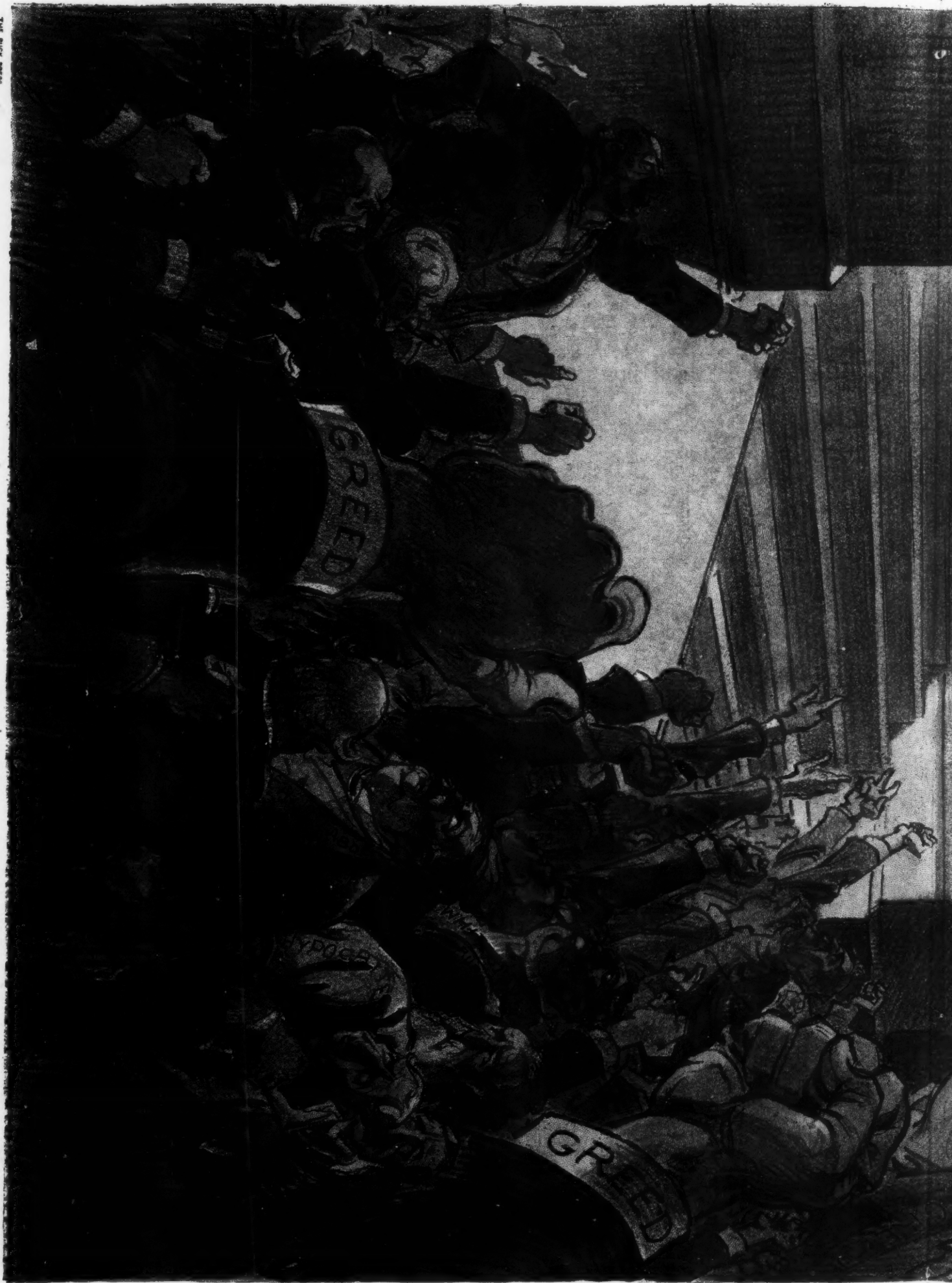
ALGV.—Yes, yes, go on!

HEIRESS.—While there's life there's hope, but—but you're a dead one!



SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD.

The fortunate selection of a fad that you can afford is not infrequently a factor in the founding of success.



THE PUCK PRESS

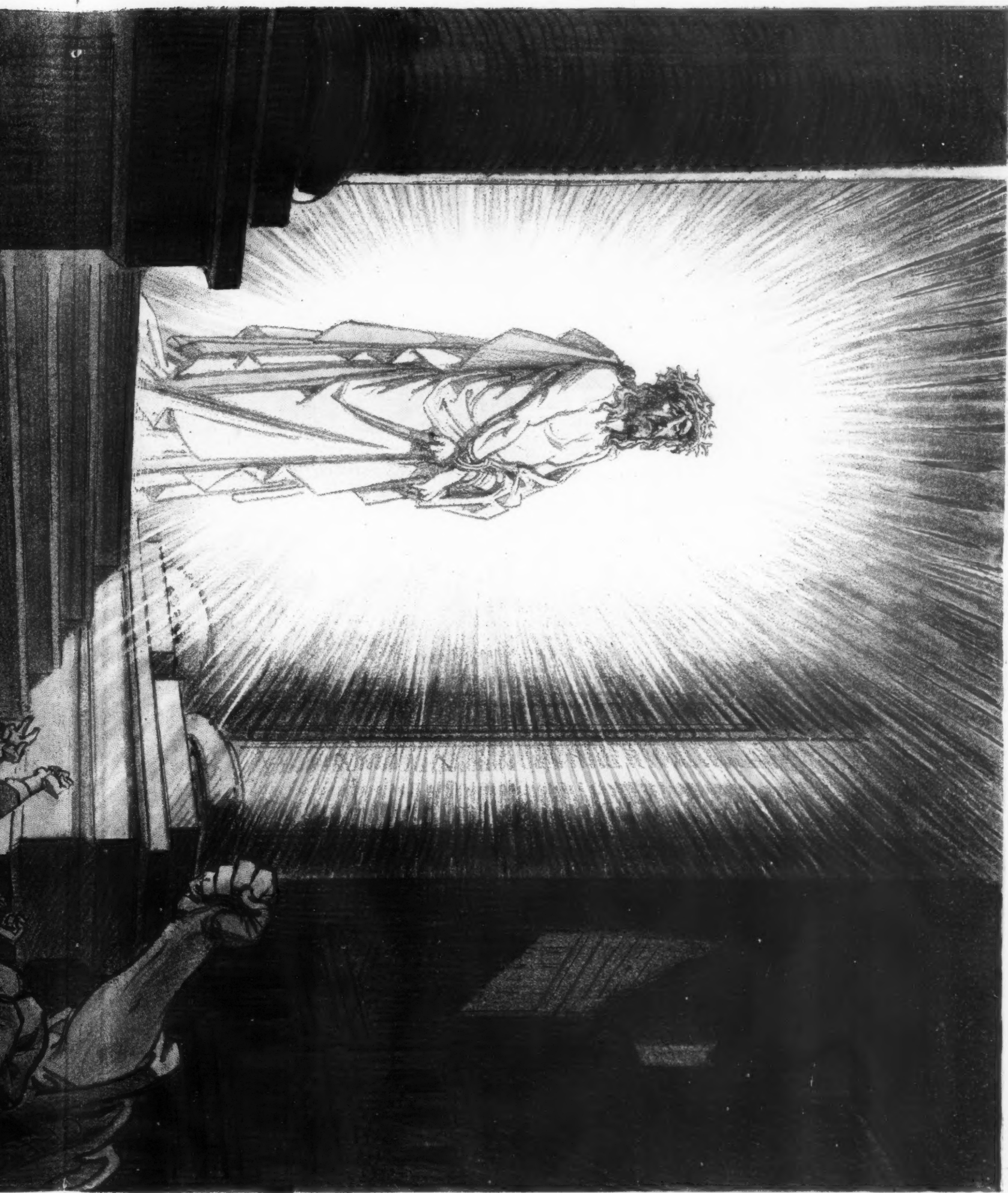
"CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!"

The mob which does to His Spirit to-day what the mob of nineteen centuries ago did to His Body.

(See Editorial on Page 2.)



PUCK



DIAGNOSIS.

**N**OBODY *never* was ever so sick,—  
Ma, she took me and put me to bed.  
But Pa just smiled when she said: "Oh, quick!  
Go for the doctor, Ed!"

And she says: "I'm trying my best to  
think  
What it can be that ails the child—  
Something he's had to eat or drink."  
And Pa just smiled and smiled.

And she says: "This morning he teased  
the cat,  
And raced about till he drove me wild—  
And then his swimming—it *must* be that."  
And Pa just smiled and smiled.

But when Ma went out he looked at me  
The way that our super-in-ten-dent can;  
"And now that your Ma's away," says he,  
"Where did you leave my pipe, young man?"

J. W.

THE KNOCK-OUT DROP.

**A** WEALTHY young man of clean character had just arrived in Chicago and had dropped into a department-store to make a small purchase when he was struck with the beauty and camaraderie of the girl behind the counter who waited on him.

"Little girl," he said, "I am a stranger in town and I'm lonesome. Won't you come and take dinner with me this evening? You'll be as safe with me as you would be with your own brother. I'm simply lonesome—that's all—and I want you to help me while away the time."

"Well," said the perfectly self-reliant and unconventional city maid, "I don't mind. You look like a nice young man, and I'll go."

Of course, after he had gone, the vain little creature told all her girl friends in the store of her conquest and her prospective evening with her "swell" cavalier. She met him on a corner after the store closed.

"Now," said the young man, "where would you like to take dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the girl, "but I think maybe Bobson's would be nice."

Bobson's was a fifteen-cent restaurant, but it was the best the little lady had ever known.

"I think," said the young man reflectively, "I might find an even better place."

He took her to Rector's. Now, this very swagger and expensive *café* in Chicago occupies a basement—all marble and porphyry, hard wood and mirrors, but nevertheless a basement. When the couple were seated, the young man asked the girl if she would n't have a drink. She said she would, only she never had drunk anything stronger than soda-water in her life, and she did n't know what to take. Her escort suggested that she try a dry Martini as an appetizer. She thought that would be nice, so he ordered one of the cocktails for her and another concoction for himself.

When the waiter set her drink before her, the girl's eyes opened wide when she noticed the olive which rested in the amber liquor at the bottom of the glass. Without a word she jumped from her chair and hurried out of the place. The young man did n't have time

THE POLICE-DOG FOR ONCE IS IN RIGHT.



"If that hound fools me this time, I'll brain him. He runs me legs off."



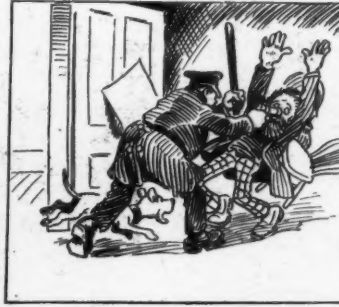
"Gee! I believe the purp is right for once. Of all the un-earthly groans —"



"I'll get this criminal, dead or alive!"



"Stop! In the name of the law!"



"Hands up, villain! Come along!"



"I arrest you for the murder of Richard Wagner's music!"



THE BITER BITTEN.

"DEAR MADAM:—It was stipulated in your late uncle's will that the bequests should be paid in Bank of England notes, and that they should be sent by post as a surprise to the beneficiaries. Your share was posted Saturday. Please acknowledge receipt and oblige."

to stop her, and was taken so by surprise that he could n't utter a word. When he came to himself, and hastened after her, she had disappeared. Next morning, at the department-store, her girl friends gathered about her eager for the news of her adventure.

"Did you have a grand time last night?" they chorused.

"Grand time?" echoed the girl with curling lip and scornful eyes.

"I should say not. He did n't look it, but he was one of those 'white slavers.' What do you think he did? He took me to a basement dive! I did n't know what kind of a place it was, or I never would have gone. Then, as soon as we sat down, he ordered me a drink, and when the waiter brought it—would you believe it?—it had a knock-out drop in it that big!" The indignant maiden held up her hand and formed a circle by touching the tips of her thumb and middle finger.

"Say, I guess I was too smart for him. Those 'white slavers' will have to get up early in the morning to put anything like that over on me."

Walter Noble Burns.



# The Lay of the Lonesome Lodger

Poor Thompson was weary. He'd been to a show,  
Because he'd no home, and had no place to go.

"No home," did we say? It is true he'd a "room,"  
But he dwelt there alone, in bachelor gloom.

He had one comfort left: it cheered him to think  
That when he got home he would have a good drink.

A bottle was always awaiting him there;  
(The label was *squint*, but the bottle was *square*!)

And now, as he thought of the flavor in store,  
He hurried his diggings-ward footsteps the more.

The bottle he'd "marked," and had placed on the shelf,  
To see if the "cat" had been helping herself.

But when he'd reached home, and had poured out his glass,  
He found that the flavor had altered, alas!

Right up to the "mark"—he was *sure* 'twas his own—  
The *contents* still reached—but the *flavor* had flown!

"Though *thin*," he exclaimed, "I declare it's 'too thick.'  
I'll alter my digs—to my whisky I'll stick!

"It's 'up to the mark' in the *quantity*—yes;  
But, thanks to the water, the *quality's* less!

"I wish that some genius would work with a will,  
To make a new bottle that wouldn't refill!"

Next morning he told his best friend of his woes.

"Why, look here," cried his friend, "right under your nose

"Is just what you're looking for. Read this new 'ad'  
A protective bottle at last can be had."

Cried Thompson: "New stopper! You can't pour it back!  
By Jove! I believe that they're on the right track!

"And—luck double-headed!—old *Johnnie Walker*!  
Talk of 'good tidings'—this 'ad' is a talker!

"Both 'Red' and 'Black' Labels—aged ten and twelve years—  
No more substitution! An end to my fears!"

## JOHNNIE WALKER

**RED Label** (*Every drop over 10 years old*) **BLACK Label** (*Every drop over 12 years old*)

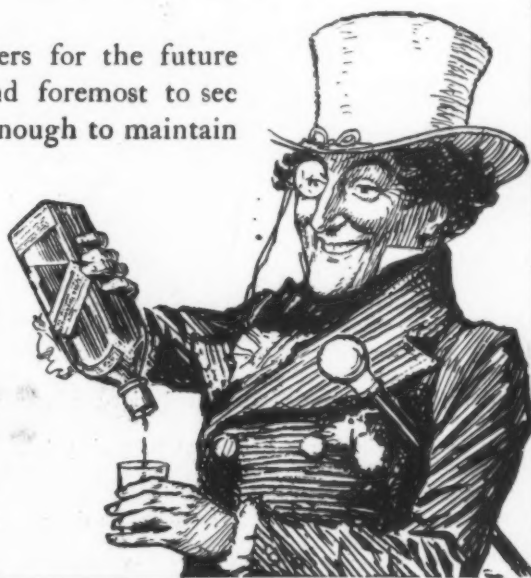
To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers for the future  
is the same as their policy of the past. First and foremost to see  
that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain  
the unique quality.

### HOW TO POUR.

Tilt the bottle quickly, nearly upside down. If the whisky  
does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set  
the valve in motion.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker  
whisky in the new "Protective Bottle," send us a postal  
card with the name of your dealer, and we will see that you  
are supplied. Address:

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway,  
New York.



# Travel In Comfort



When you travel, be comfortable.

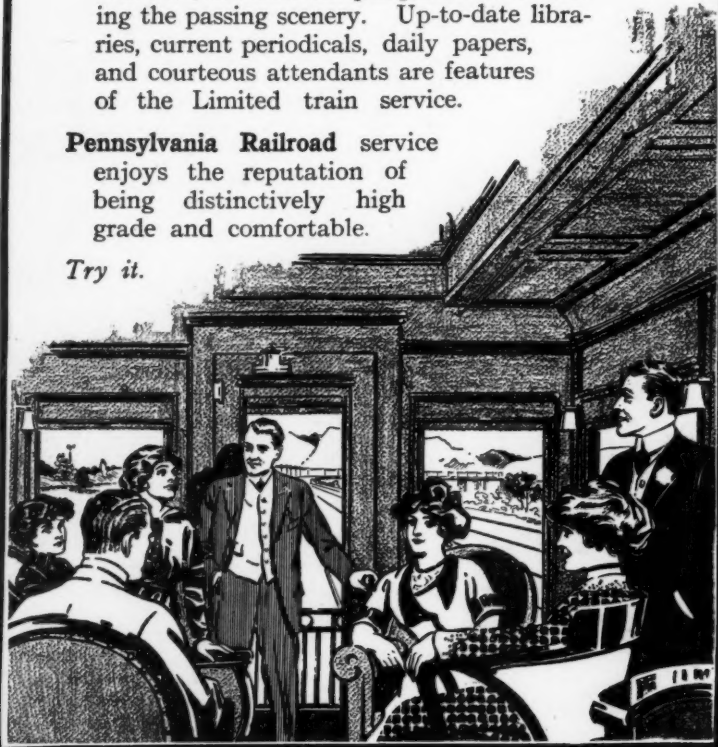
The tracks and trains of the **Pennsylvania Railroad** are built for comfort.

The roadbed is rock-ballasted and evenly graded; and the rails are solid steel. The cars, both Pullmans and coaches, are all-steel, heavy and easy riding. The through express trains have parlor smoking or club cars with moveable easy chairs, and a la carte dining service that is unexcelled. All sleeping cars are the last word in appointments; the coaches are cheerful, commodious and restful.

Limited trains, like the **Broadway Limited** between New York and Chicago; the **24-Hour St. Louis, The Pennsylvania Limited, Congressional Limited, and Chicago Limited** have Pullman observation cars on the rear with moveable armchairs and large windows, as well as an open platform, for viewing the passing scenery. Up-to-date libraries, current periodicals, daily papers, and courteous attendants are features of the Limited train service.

**Pennsylvania Railroad** service enjoys the reputation of being distinctively high grade and comfortable.

Try it.



## HELPING FATHER TIME.

A Richmond dorky called upon an old friend, according to *Lippincott's*, who received him in a rocking-chair. The visitor at once observed not only that his host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way, similar to that of a person suffering from colic.

"Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Harrison?" asked the caller anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

A moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.

"Den," continued Mose, "why in goodness does yo' rock yo'se'f dat way all da time?"

Harrison paused not in his oscillations as he explained:

"Yo' know dat good-fur-nothin' Bill Botts? Well, he done sold me a silver watch fo' five dollars, and ef I stops moving like dis dat watch don't go?"

"CAN you imagine," asked Sir Ernest Shackleton, "the enormous extent of those vast snow-fields?"

"Yes," replied the Irish member, "I had the same sinsation the first toime I appeared in public wearing a dress-shirt."—*London Opinion*.

## A PLEASANT MOUNTAIN TRIP.



I.  
"Well, the climb has made me very warm, but here is a sedan-chair. I will get myself carried down."

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



II.  
"Now, here you have three marks. Carry me nicely and slowly down, and take care that nothing happens."

## ON THE WARPATH.

"Good afternoon, Johnny!" said the nice young lady visiting his mother's house in the sweet cause of charity. "Why don't you come to our Sunday-school? A lot of your little friends have joined, and we are going to have a lovely party."

Johnny shook his head. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Has a boy named Johnson, with red hair, joined yet?"

"Yes, dear," said the nice young lady, "and he seems to like it. He's such a good little boy!"

"Huh! Is he?" muttered Johnny. "Well, if he's there I'll come, too. I've been looking for him for three months, and never knew where to find him before."—*Chicago Journal*.

# Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

## FATAL ERROR.

He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes.

"How did father take it?" she asked.

"He took it all right," replied the young man.

"Oh, I am so glad, George!" she cried.

"Are you?" he replied, flopping forlornly by her side. "Well, I can't say that I am, dear. At first your father would n't listen to me."

"Why did n't you tell him that you had two thousand five hundred dollars in the bank, as I told you to?" she exclaimed.

"I did, after all else had failed," answered George, dejectedly.

"And what did he do then?"

"Do!" echoed the young man, passing his hand wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!" — *Minneapolis Record*.

**In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,** The antiseptic powder for Tired, Tender, Smarting feet. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.



III.  
"Oh, please don't worry, your honor."

# Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

"WALK,  
— YOU,  
WALK!"

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IV.  
"Confound it! I just had to stumble  
on that — stone!"  
"Heavens, Sepp! —"

#### MAYBE A VISITING LIST, TOO.

It had been a hard day at the polls. The addition of nearly a thousand women's votes made the counting a prolonged proposition.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Wallicky, as her husband returned from his arduous labor as a teller, "how did the vote go?"

"Nine hundred and two votes for Bildad, seven hundred and fifty-three for Slathers, eight recipes for tomato ketchup, four wash-lists, and a milliner's bill," said Wallicky. "It was a mighty interesting vote."—*Exchange*.

"Oh, Mr. Milligrew, we do enjoy your sermons so! We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish."—*Snark's Annual*.

#### CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

A well-known but broken-down Detroit newspaper man, who had been a power in his day, approached an old friend the other day in the Pontchartrain Hotel and said:

"What do you think? I have just received the prize insult of my life. A paper down in Muncie, Ind., offered me a job."

"Do you call that an insult?"

"Not the job, but the salary. They offered me twelve dollars a week."

"Well," said the friend, "twelve dollars a week is better than nothing."

"Twelve a week—thunder!" exclaimed the old scribe. "I can borrow more than that right here in Detroit."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### MOST GORGEOUS TRAIN IN AMERICA.

Two steel-vestibuled trains, representing in grace of workmanship, artistic finish, and durability of design the very perfection of the car builders' art, are running between Boston and New York. They form the "Merchants' Limited" of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, the five o'clock five-hour train between the two cities.

These trains have just arrived from the Pullman Company's shops. The "Merchants' Limited" is primarily a tired business man's train. It was with a view of providing for him all the car architects could furnish to contribute to his comfort and ease that this new equipment was ordered by President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven. In these trains the ingenuity of the car builders has been taxed to provide as well for the passenger's safety as for his comfort.

#### VERY GOOD TIP.

"Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter, according to the Boston *Sunday Post*.

The diner nodded, but the waiter hovered near.

"Steak cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again, presently.

Again the diner nodded.

"Potatoes done the way you like 'em, sir?"

"Yes."

Another period of silence.

"I hope the service is satisfactory, sir?"

"Are you asking for a tip?" demanded the diner.

"Well, of course we get the tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so—"

"So you'd like the tip now to be sure of it? Well, I'll give you one."

"Yes, sir."

"Here's the tip: I have a powerful voice that I'm capable of using. If anything is wrong I'll let out a roar. If you do not hear from me you can know that I am dining in peace and comfort and not in the least regretting your silence, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

"But the tip?"

"That's the tip, and a mighty good one it is, too."

"WHAT have you got in your locket, Lisette?"

"A lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still living?"

"Most assuredly, but he has n't got any more hair."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You can't get into that set."

"Why not?"

"They're too exclusive."

"Well, they've gotta have somebody to snub."—*Courier-Journal*.

### Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

TIM.—Did ye get anyt'ing for your vote?

BILL.—A Suffragette gimme a kiss, and me wife see her do it and gimme a black eye.—*Springfield Republican*.



"— Hold fast! Can't you —"

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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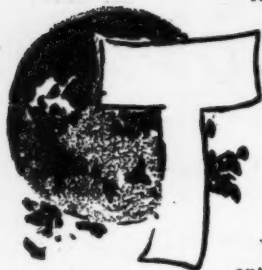
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*National Sportsman Magazine*, 78 Federal St., Boston.

## A DESCENDING SCALE.



**THE MISTRESS ON MONDAY.**—Oh, you have come, have you? I am so glad! I had begun to fear that you were not coming. I have so often had girls promise me faithfully that they would come at a certain time and never come near. But I felt sure that *you* were not that kind of a girl and I am so glad you are not. Come right out into the kitchen and I will show you where things are before you go up to your room and change your dress.

You see what a nice pleasant kitchen it is with the sun in it all day. So different from some small, dark kitchens. I have everything nice and convenient and, really, I think that we will get along nicely together. I am sure that you will not find me unreasonable and you look like a nice, sensible girl. To be quite frank, I liked your looks the moment I saw you and I asked the keeper of the employment office to let me talk to you. Now I will show you to your room and you will find it to be a very pleasant room for I am one who believes in giving a good maid a nice room and making everything pleasant for her. Let me carry one of your bundles up to your room. If you will just follow me, please.

**TUESDAY.**—Did you oversleep, Annie? You know that I said you would want to rise at six in order to have breakfast ready in time for my husband to get his train and it was half-past six when you came down. Please try to rise at six in the morning and it would be a good plan to lay the fire the night before. And I wish that you would leave the kitchen in better order than you left it last night. My last maid was very nice about leaving the kitchen in order when she left it for the night. Try and remember everything I tell you, Annie.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Why, Annie, Annie! Here it is even later than it was yesterday morning when you got up! This will not do! It is impossible for you to get up at this hour and prepare breakfast as it should be prepared for my hus-

band! And you left a lot of dirty dishes in the sink when you went up to your room last night, and look how untidy the stove is, with plenty of brushes and polish right there under the sink! And I don't like to have you coming down in the morning in a red-silk waist and with three or four bracelets on. I like to have my maids dress suitably for their work.

**THURSDAY.**—Annie, if you think that I am going to get up mornings and trail away up to your room and rap on your door in order to get you up you are mistaken. You know I gave you an alarm-clock set at six last night and I heard it go off away down in my room and you must have heard it and see what time it is! I had to come down and light the fire myself and start breakfast and I don't pay a girl seven dollars a week and then get up and get breakfast myself!



MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

**FRIDAY.**—Now see here, Annie, this is going to stop! You make no pretense of getting up in the morning when you should and your kitchen was a sight when you left it last night and I could n't find a clean cooking utensil when I came out here last night to do a little cooking after you had gone upstairs. Everything in the pantry is at sixes and sevens and you make no pretense of sweeping in corners and your bread was burned black on the outside yesterday while it was a mass of raw dough inside. This will not do and I may as well tell you so, Annie!

**SATURDAY.**—Here's your seven dollars and I want you to clear out of the house faster than you came into it! A girl who comes downstairs at ten minutes after seven to prepare a breakfast that should be on the table at seven will never do for me. You are just as slack and lazy and dirty as you can be and if I served you right I would not pay you your full wages and—none of your impudence! You get right out of here at once! Of all the trifling, useless—go at once!

Morris Wade.

A man easily persuades himself of the sincerity of an affectation which helps him to make an easy living.

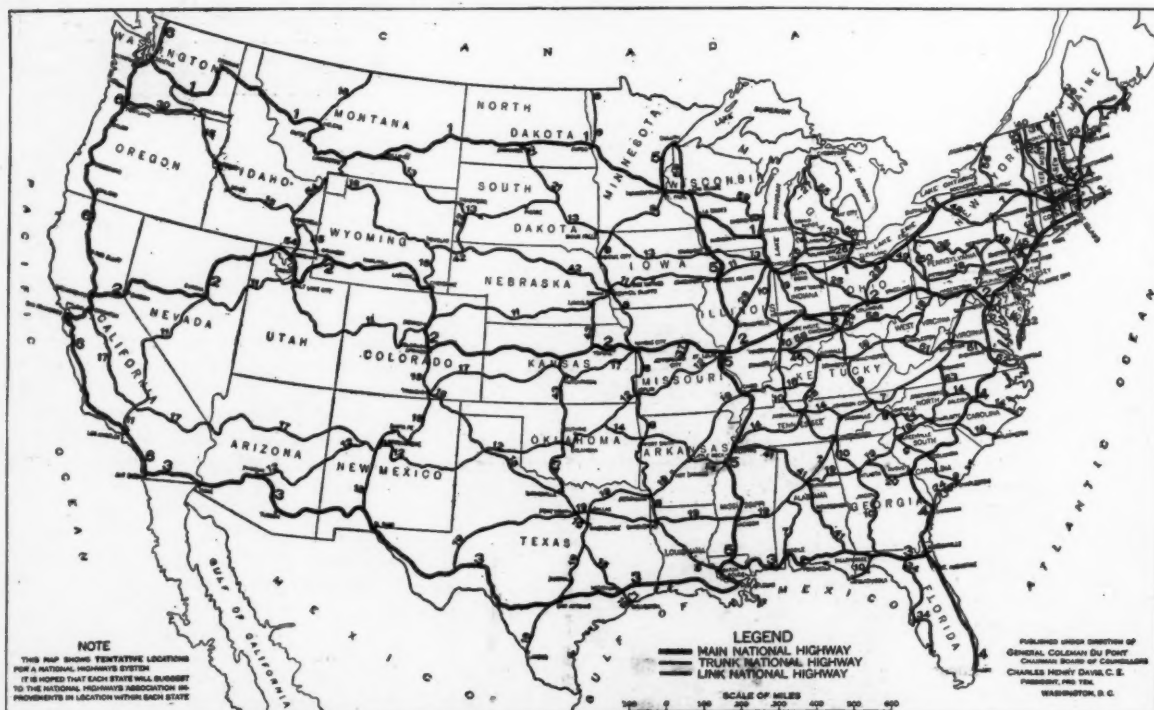
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55. TOLEDO-MACKINAC
56. UTAH-ODENSEBURG
57. WASHINGTON-ANNAPOLIS
58. WEST VIRGINIA-INDIANA
59. WISCONSIN



VI.  
“—at least hold down your end?  
We're swinging more and more all the  
time!”

## THE RIGHT SHOP.

MRS. NEWLY WEDD. — Is this the taxidermist?

MAN ON THE TELEPHONE. — Yes, ma'am.

MRS. N. WEDD.—You stuff birds, don't you?

MAN.—We do, ma'am.

MRS. N. WEDD.—Well, how much would you charge to come up here and stuff the turkey we're going to have for dinner? I myself don't know how. — *Woman's Home Companion.*

## SALAD DAYS.

Nebuchadnezzar was condemned to eat grass.

“Thank goodness it is an open winter!” he cried.— *The Sun.*

“So you got the opinions of two lawyers on the case. Were their opinions the same?”

“Yes, twenty-five dollars each.”— *Everybody's.*

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## MAN'S DUAL NATURE.

The professional mind, for all its acuteness, is liable to occasional lapses, like more lightly trained intellects.

A certain professor was struggling to make the point that both parents have an equal influence upon a child.

"For," he continued, gravely, "a man is as much the son of his father as he is the daughter of his mother."—*Youth's Companion*.



VII.

"Now I don't care any more!  
We'll be down in a minute."

## FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

### HIS WAY.

VISITOR (to facetious farmer).—  
I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig "Ink"?

FACETIOUS FARMER.—Because he's always running from the pen! —  
*Town Topics*.

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You may bring to your office and put in a frame

A motto as fine as its paint.

But if you're a crook when you're playing the game

That motto won't make you a saint.

You can stick up the placards all over the hall,

But here is the word I announce:

It is n't the motto that hangs on the wall,

But the motto you live that counts.

If the motto says "smile" and you carry a frown,

"Do it now," and you linger and wait,

If the motto says "help" and you trample men down,

If the motto says "love" and you hate,

You won't get away with the mottoes you stall,

For truth will come forth with a bounce—

It is n't the motto that hangs on the wall,

But the motto you live that counts.

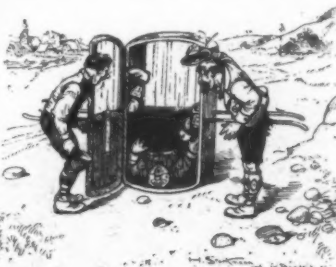
—*Exchange*.

"You seem inclined to encourage your wife to become a Suffragette."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "if I can thoroughly convince her that I desire her to march and make speeches maybe she'll get resentful and refuse to do so."—*Washington Star*.

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VIII.

"So, your honor! Please step out. We're down there already."

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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## HIS SYNONYM FOR QUICK RETREAT.

In the sixth grade the teacher was questioning a boy about Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia and the subsequent retreat from Moscow.

"What did the French do then?" she asked.

"They ran away," replied the boy.

"Yes, that is what they did," said the teacher, "but 'ran away' is hardly the correct phrase to use. What should you have said?"

The boy's face lighted up with understanding.

"They beat it!" he exclaimed, quite proudly.—*Kansas City Journal*.

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## THE WOMAN OF IT.

"Then you refuse me?" he asked dramatically.

"I do, John," answered the maiden.

"Is it because I have no fortune?"

"Not at all."

"Is it my looks?"

"Ye-e-e-s. I have just been reading that people who marry grow to look like each other, and although I love you, John, I-I-I really don't think I could stand to look like you."

"You silly girl," he exclaimed. "Maybe it will be I who will grow to look like you."

"Oh, John," she said joyously, "I never thought of that. I'm sure it would be great for us to look like each other, wouldn't it? Won't you please forgive me?"—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

SHE.—Anyhow, you must admit he is a well-bred man. Did you notice his knowledge of Aristotle?

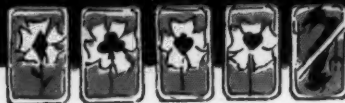
HE.—I did, and if you want my true opinion, I don't believe he's ever been there.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

"I SUPPOSE you tried to save every penny when you started in business?"

"I did more than that," replied Mr. Cassius Chex. "I rescued a lot that other people were squandering."—*Washington Star*.

## SELF-DENIAL.

IN Easter gown and hat bedight  
Her churchly duties she's pursuing;  
A dame of beauty and delight  
In style all other dames outdoing.



Hence we determine at a glance  
Why poker is her husband's passion;

He blithely woos the Goddess Chance  
That she may woo the gods of fashion;

And for her Easter garb he spent  
The many pots he won in Lent!